"Hush," the Vulcan's hand touched his lips. Lightly he touched a bruise on Kirk's cheekbone, dark eyes watching the progress of his long fingers. His hand slipped down to the bulk of Kirk's shoulder, feeling the tension there. The touch lingered a moment, as if the Vulcan hated to break it Still studying Kirk's face, Spock loosed the tie of his robe, tossed it aside. Then he looked down, comparing their two bodies in the gloom.

His body is younger than his face, Kirk thought, watching Spock's dancer's grace, watching the long muscles shift under fine textured skin, as young as Dray's.

Spock's hand went back to Kirk's shoulder, stroking, soothing as if Kirk were a wild beast, liable to startle and flee, as if Spock didn't trust his touch to be gentle enough. He moved to the side, exploring with his eyes, and Kirk stood docile for inspection. Spock would know soon enough.

The light, tentative touches sent shivers prickling away from Spock's fingers on his shoulder, his neck, his arm--nervous chills, not desire. He did not deserve desire.

In silence Spock's hands covered the jolt and flutter of his heart--chest and back. Warmth spread through him from those hands, not to be denied. Kirk closed his eyes and listened to his heart settle into a steady rhythm again, sending his blood tingling through its conduits, warmed by Spock's touch. He could feel the Vulcan's faint trembling, guess the effort it was costing him to go slow, to make it a seduction instead of a rape. He wanted to say, I'm not what you think, Spock, I haven't earned this.

But Spock's arms came round him from the back, slipping under his arms, planing over his body softly, and desire betrayed him. He could feel the hot whiskery brush of Spock's body against his back, feel Spock's penis, half hard, nudging his buttocks. He flinched and shivered away only to be soothed back by the slow, hypnotic caress of Spock's hands stroking his sides, his flanks, slowly approaching his genitals. A slow, sensuous grind of Spock's pelvis against his ass sent little electric thrills through him that jolted his prick higher with each heartbeat. He wanted to break away, face Spock with the brutal truth, but Spock's lean fingers traced lazy circles on his belly, his thighs--tantalizing, building such sweet need. Spock's breath was hot on his shoulder; Spock's cheek brushed his, urging him to look down and watch Spock's hands on his body. Spock's hands. He ached for that hot touch until he coudn't stand passive any more.

He shifted abruptly and thrust his cock into Spock's hand. The Vulcan's breath caught, and his grasp firmed around the shaft; his other hand cupped the pulsing sac beneath. The pleasure in that touch flooded Kirk with desire, gratitude, the need to share. He arched his back a little, holding Spock's hands against his eager sex, shifted again and daringly clasped Spock's cock between the cheeks of his ass. He could feel it throb and push against him, creating a thrill of fear there to match the waves of sweet sensation under Spock's hands. He knew he had no right to let it go on, but Spock's weight grew suddenly heavy on his back; his own thighs were shaking; they went to their knees in one motion and Kirk bent forward. Now he will find out. Now he will know.

The Vulcan's hands slid back, over his flanks. Cold air parted them. Kirk didn't move. Spock's hands eased between his thighs, parted them, massaged his buttocks, thumbs teasing the cleft, opening him firmly to view. Exposed, Kirk shrank from the alien gaze, to no avail. The hot hands anchored him. He tensed.

But no.

The hands freed him, turned him. He lay on his shoulders, knees spread wide to accommodate Spock's body, hips resting on Spock's strong hot thighs. Past his own swaying cock he could see Spock's. He raised on an elbow, reached to grasp it. Spock rose to his touch. So satin soft, so hot, so alive, the green-brown shaft brightening at the head to a new, wild, nameless color, the green of acorns before they fall. Spock's balls, wrinkled and furred like the green husk that hides the hazel nut. Alien. Beautiful.

Kirk lay back, lifted his hips an inch higher. Spock's eyes went from his prick to his face, then back. He lifted Kirk, and leaned forward, his cock snubbed tight against the clenched muscle. Deliberately, slowly, he set himself against that locked door.

Relax, Kirk commanded his overstrung body, relax and it won't hurt. But he couldn't yield. Eyes locked on Spock's face, body tight, he waited for the Vulcan to reach for his mind. Then he would know. Muscle failing, flesh streatched to the tearing point, he braced himself for worse pain, for Spock turning away. They were both trembling. Spock paused.

"Don't stop now."

The Vulcan set himself to obey as if the pain were in his own flesh. Forward, an inch, two.... Pierced, Kirk set his teeth against protest, clutched the soft carpet as Spock withdrew, sword pulled from wound, rhythm beginning, sharkskin texture against his raw, tender anus. His whole body shook with the effort not to pull away. Pain was subduing his erection. He could feel Spock's doubt and he flinched as the Vulcan freed one hand and reached toward his face.

Spock faltered, and then with a violent jerk and sob withdrew. Kirk's nerves protested the abrupt movement, then gratefully reported the stretched muscle closing in. Spock was bent over, clutching his groin.

Kirk's own erection was gone. He reached out and Spock pulled away from his touch, said something in a hopeless whisper, half sob.

"Spock,"

With a visible effort, and something in it that hinted it was the last effort possible, Spock found the control to turn again.

"It was--too much to ask." Under Kirk's shocked eyes, the vitality that had always been so unquentionable was failing. The hand that reached to caress him was weak, the gesture a farewell. Horrified, Kirk caught Spock's hand, aborting the gesture. A wash of fear drenched him.

"Wait--it's not--" Shame was a physical barrier in his throat, but fear forced him to speak. "I thought you were the killer. I was afraid. That's why Dray was ahead of me."

Spock looked at him without reaction. He's going into shock, Kirk thought. He doesn't understand. They said the truth would set you free. He had always wanted truth, respected that above all else. 'The truth' he had demanded of Dray. He had forced Spock's truth from him. Let Spock die